

SPEECH

OF

GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ., M.P.,

DELIVERED AT THE

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING,

BROADMEAD, BRISTOL,

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AMERICAN SLAVERY.

A PUBLIC Meeting was held on Thursday, September 4, at the public rooms, Broadmead, for the purpose of hearing addresses on the subject of Slavery from Mr. Geo. Thompson, M.P., who has lately returned from a visit to America, and from the Rev. Edward Mathews, whose recent lynching in that land for his exertions in the abolition cause, must still be fresh in the memories of our readers. The subject of Slavery is just now exciting a good deal of interest in this city, in consequence of the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law, the workings of which were a short time ago fully explained by Mr. W. Wells Brown, and Mr. Wm. Craft, both of them fugitive slaves. Bristol, we are happy to say, has taken an active part in the Anti-Slavery movement, and the meeting on Thursday evening showed that the influence of the preceding meetings has not been lost. The room was filled to overflowing, and the platform was crowded with ladies and gentlemen. Among the former were some distinguished visitors from America—Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, her sisters, Miss and Miss Emma Weston, (who have been, from its commencement, identified with the Abolition Movement, originated by Mr. Garrison) Mrs. Chapman's two daughters, many of the Committee of the "Bristol and Clifton Ladies Anti-Slavery Society," (Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Emery, Miss Estlin, Miss Mathews, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Alfred Thomas, Mrs. Waterman), Revs. G. Armstrong, M.A., Edwin Chapman, William James Edward Mathews, Richard Morris; Messrs. Handel Cossham, (Wicwar), Estlin, W. Farmer, (of London), J. C. Nield, W. Sampson, Geo. Thompson, M.P., R. D. Webb, (of Dublin), Stewart Williamson, &c. The chair was occupied by R. Charleton, Esq.

The CHAIRMAN said—They had been called together for

the purpose of listening to addresses on the subject of American Slavery, from two gentlemen who had lately returned from that country, and who would consequently be able to furnish them with a good deal of information, together with many painfully interesting details regarding the working of the iniquitous Fugitive Slave Law that had recently come into operation. Each of those gentlemen had devoted much time and labour, and made great personal sacrifices in the cause of freedom; their lives had been exposed to the most imminent peril, and therefore what fell from them that evening was entitled to peculiar weight, and very careful consideration. With regard to himself, he must say that, although he held very decided opinions upon the subject, yet he had never done anything to entitle him to occupy the position which by their kindness he then held; but although he felt this, yet he must say that it would be mere affectation on his part, did he not conceive it to be a great honour and privilege to be permitted to co-operate with others in carrying on so holy and righteous a cause. (Cheers.) A controversy was, it was well known, going forward between the different sections of the supporters of the Anti-Slavery cause, which he feared would not be altogether productive of good, but rather the reverse. He was one of those who regarded Slavery not only as an enormous social evil, but as a great and aggravated sin against God; yet, notwithstanding this was his conscientious opinion, he should feel great difficulty in denouncing every person implicated in it as necessarily an atrocious criminal. He could not do this. He regarded Slavery to be somewhat analogous to war; this he also conceived to be a great crime, and quite as repugnant both to the genius and spirit of Christianity; but he did not on this account feel justified in denouncing every military officer as a criminal. He should feel it necessary to take into consideration the kind of education they had received, their habits, &c., and the influence by which they were surrounded. Take another illustration. He conceived intemperance to be the great evil of Britain, and the cause of more crime,

misery, premature death, domestic sorrow, and female degradation, than any other cause. Whilst holding these views he could not engage in the traffic of intoxicating liquors without participating in the most aggravated criminality; but still he should not be justified in denouncing every spirit dealer as necessarily a criminal. The proper course for him (Mr. C.) to take would be to endeavour to convince him of his error, to induce him, by entreaty, to give up the traffic, and to create such an enlightened public sentiment, as would put a stop to it. He believed such a course, not only to be more in accordance with the genius and spirit of the gospel, but that in the long run, it would be found to be the best means of attaining the object in view. He believed, in the language of the scripture, that the best means of commending oneself to every man's conscience in the sight of God was by speaking the truth in love. (Cheers.) Others might, perhaps, take a different view of this matter, and believe that the gigantic character and atrocious turpitude of the Slave system was such as to justify a style of denunciation scarcely consistent with the views he had just expressed; by all means let every man pursue the course he deemed to be right. He would not quarrel with them, but, on the contrary, he should rejoice in any measure of success that attended his labours. ♦All that he (Mr. C.) should feel entitled to ask would be that those who entertained views similar to those he had now expressed should not be considered as milk-and-water men, half-hearted Abolitionists. (Hear, hear.) He would not occupy any more of their time, but he deemed it right to say so much, especially after what had occurred in this city. The Chairman concluded by calling upon

Mr. STEWART WILLIAMSON who moved the following resolution—

“That we offer to the Rev. Edward Mathews (an agent of the American Baptist Free Mission Society, who has recently received at the hands of Slaveholders the proofs of their moral degradation, and of his own fidelity to the holy cause he advocates), the sincere thanks due from the members of every Christian sect to one who has nobly defended the great principle of freedom, fundamental to them all; and that we hereby call upon all ministers, especially upon British Baptists, to strengthen by their testimony the position he has taken

in America—that Churches and Ministers who justify the continuance of Slavery are not the Churches and Ministers of Christ, by testifying their sympathy with those brethren who have withdrawn from their religious body in consequence of the countenance it affords to Slave-holding. That we urge on all Churches and congregations, and religious bodies, whose discipline excludes *any* criminal from their communion, the exclusion of the *Slave-holder*: on all Ministers who reject the advocates of other crimes as unfit teachers of Christian morality, not to admit to their pulpits the advocates or apologists for Slave-holding.”

Mr. J. C. NEILD seconded the resolution.

The CHAIRMAN having suggested to the mover of the resolution the expediency of making some slight alteration in the wording of it, called upon him to read it in its amended form.

Mr. WILLIAMSON said, instead of affirming that “the ministers and churches who justified the continuance of Slavery, are not the ministers and churches of Christ,” he proposed to substitute the words—“were ignorant of the principles which should influence the churches and ministers of Christ.”

The seconder having acquiesced in this alteration, the resolution in its amended form was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

The Rev. E. MATHEWS in a long and able speech responded to the resolution.

The Rev. GEO. ARMSTRONG, B.A., T.C.D., moved the following resolution:—

“That since the United States of America have, by the passage of the Fugitive Slave-law, drawn the attention of the world to the character of their government in all its several departments, constitutional, legislative, and judicial, it becomes the duty of men of all other nations to use every means sanctioned by humanity, religion, and international law, for the abolition of American Slavery;—a system which is a mockery of law, an outrage against justice, a disgrace to religion; and which, upheld as it is by a nation professing to lead the van of human progress and improvement, is more dangerous to society than any form of tyranny or system of iniquity on earth. And this meeting therefore rejoices to welcome George Thompson, Esq., M.P., who was formerly so instrumental in the abolition of British Colonial Slavery, and who now, for the second time has, at the hazard of his life, been helping and strengthening the American Abolitionists, thus keeping the minds of Englishmen alive to the great truth that in a moral cause “our country is the world, our countrymen are all mankind.”

The Rev. R. MORRIS seconded the resolution which was carried unanimously.

Mr. THOMPSON, upon rising, was received with loud and prolonged cheering, which having subsided, the honourable gentleman addressed the meeting as follows:—Mr. Chairman, men and women of Bristol,—The only drawback upon my gratification to night arises from the circumstance of my having been compelled to hear frequent references to myself. On all such occasions, I desire to sink myself, and be conscious only of the presence of that great subject which brings us together. We are here to discuss the

question of Slavery, and in doing so, we should, in my judgment, oppose Slaveholding, because it is a crime against God, and the highest practical manifestation of unadulterated Atheism for a human being to claim, and by violence to assert, a right of property in an equal fellow-being. (Cheers.) Your chairman has spoken in terms of implied censure of those who use harsh and denunciatory language in reference to persons who perpetrate the enormity of Slaveholding. I cannot consent to be tender in my treatment of a manstealer. Whoever the felon may be that lays an impious and a robber-hand upon my brother, I must say to him, "Miscreant, forbear, and relinquish your hold upon the immortal workmanship of God." (Loud cheers.) Sir, why this constant injunction to practise tender treatment of Slaveholders? It was not in honied phrases that the ancient Quakers rebuked a hireling priesthood in the days of George Fox. (Cheers.) It was not in dulcet strains that they inveighed in the market-place against the many invasions of civil and religious liberty that were rife in their times. I can easily understand that it may comport with the temperament of some men to "speak the truth in love," as they call it, to that incarnation of all human villainy, the Slaveholder; and I am not sorry that there are men who can sing in dulcet strains, and sweep the chords with a gentler hand than myself; but we must do our duty according to the affections and intellects with which we are endowed. It seems to me my duty, to "Cry aloud and spare not," with Isaiah; to say with the Baptist, "O generation of vipers who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come;" with Christ, "Woe unto you scribes, pharisees, hypocrites, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell!" with James, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that are coming upon you; your garments are moth-eaten; your gold and your silver are cankered and corrupted; the cry of those who have reaped down your fields, whose hire is of you kept back by fraud crieth, and their cry hath entered the ears of the Lord Sabaoth." (Loud cheers.) I cannot admit the existence of any analogy between the private and personal vice of intemperance, or the going to war between nations, and the legal support and maintenance of such a system as American Slavery, under which 3,179,000 human beings are daily and hourly deliberately plundered of their rights. (Cheers.) Intemperance is a voluntary thing; war is the act of a nation, and never the act of a government, except with the consent of the nation; at all events a free nation like ourselves. But the Chairman looks over the water, and he finds Methodist bishops, heads of colleges, doctors of divinity, presiding elders, deacons and class-leaders, trustees, local preachers, Sunday-school teachers and private members, trampling the law of Moses, the Gospel of Christ, and the Declaration of Independence under foot; and doing this in the nineteenth century, we are called upon to say, that they do it in ignorance of the religion of Christ. Sir, I deny

it. (Hear.) They understand its principles well enough when they apply to themselves. They know what liberty means. They do not forget to ask it for themselves, and demand it for themselves. They did not hesitate to cut loose from all restraint, and sever all the ties that bound them to their mother country. Sir, I was no party to the passing of this first resolution, because it proclaimed a falsehood. There is not a man in America removed from idiocy, or free from insanity, who is ignorant that Slavery is the most outrageous crime it is possible for a human being to commit. Let me remind our most respected and estimable Chairman that I defy him to point me to the fruits flowing from that very tender expostulation with Slaveholders which he so much advises and recommends. Could any human beings in the world be more tender of Slaveholders than the recreant Evangelical Alliance of 1846? (Hear, hear.) And yet what have these tender-spoken divines done since by the course of proceeding they then adopted. What has been the result of all their "speaking the truth in love?" Why the bringing over in 1851 of this same Dr. Baird, who after the lapse of five years revisits this country, and says to the representatives of the whole Christian world, "You shall have no Ecumenical Alliance unless you rescind your resolution of 1846,"—a resolution which I obliged that Alliance to pass, against their will, at Manchester in that year, and for doing which my friend (Mr. Morris) who has just left the platform, said he was almost inclined to break the peacepledge over my shoulders. Yes, this same Dr. Baird coolly tells the Alliance that unless they rescind that resolution they shall have no Ecumenical Alliance, no fellowship with the Evangelical ministers and members on the other side of the water. Why, Sir, in America we have men of all tones and temperaments engaged in the Anti-Slavery cause. One man is a Boanerges, another a Barnabas, another a John; but all labour alike, according to their several gifts and mental constitutions in the great work in which they are engaged. Let me tell the Chairman, that after twenty-five years of public agitation I have come to this clear conviction, that it is not the phraseology of the prescription which Slaveholders or any other sinners dislike, it is the bitter drug administered for the healing of their moral malady which they abominate. Envelope it in rose-scented tissue, or wrap it up in coarse brown paper—speak the truth in strains as sweet as angels use, or thunder it out in such John Bull English as I am now speaking, they will never love it the more because the reproof is couched in soft and silken language, nor hate it the more because it is blurted out in the plain and unmistakable Saxon that I have employed. It is the doctrine that they abhor, and not the severity with which it is preached. I think my friend Mr. Mathews, who stood before you to night, has given no evidence of ultra-fanaticism. We have reason to believe from the manner in which he has spoken to night, that he would not approach any

Slaveholder in the Southern States with any other than kind Christian feeling and language. If he "speaks the truth" you may be quite sure it would be "in love." And yet look how that man was treated by murderous and malignant villains. Ten times was he thrown into a pond, and they would have murdered him outright had he not promised to leave the State, and never more return. And for what? Using harsh language? No; simply for speaking the truth; for walking in the footsteps of his Master, and being fool enough to think he might imitate the life of Christ in Kentucky with impunity. I ask your Chairman to show us what has been the result, after the lapse of so many years, of that description of "speaking the truth in love" which led the late Joseph John Gurney to address a Slaveholding gambler of Kentucky as "My Dear Clay." No, no, the hour is gone for the use of that kind of language. It behoves men who love their offspring—fathers who wish to shield their daughters, or guard their children—men whose house is their castle, and who would desire to continue in its peaceful possession—to denounce this wholesale national piracy, and to class among felons of the highest order those miscreant republicans, those treacherous professors of Christianity, who have brought down the image of God to the level of beasts and creeping things of the earth. Twenty years have passed away since I first addressed an audience in this city. I appeared then, as now, to advocate the right of human beings to liberty. Twenty years ago it was my duty to speak particularly of Slavery in the islands of the West Indies, and in our British Colonial dependencies: now it is my duty to speak especially of Slavery in the United States of America. The cause in which I was engaged when I first came here triumphed; the Antilles are free: the cause in which I am now engaged will likewise triumph, and the great continent of America will be redeemed from the curse of slavery. To hasten this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, we are assembled here this evening, and it shall be my object to lay before you such information as is calculated to help you to right conclusions in respect of the true character of the Slavery of the great Transatlantic Republic, and to point out to you those duties, the performance of which by you as the friends of humanity, will be most effectual in promoting negro emancipation. (Hear, hear.) Will the Chairman tell me why this love should be shown, of all other criminals on the face of the earth, to Slaveholders? What is slaveholding? Why it is a sin so deadly, that it would corrupt an archangel to be a Slaveholder for five minutes. It would bring down Gabriel from his brightness and glory before the throne of God, to a level with the fiends in the infernal regions, where society consists of the tormentors and the tormented. Slaveholding has corrupted every man that ever possessed that fearful power; it has corrupted—every Christian? No, there never was a Christian Slaveholder in the world. (Cheers.) It is the direst blasphemy against

the Deity to call a Slaveholder a Christian. And where have the ministerial brethren of the Alliance preached their infernal doctrines of the Christianity of the Slaveholder or the Slavery abettor? In their own pulpits, openly before their own congregations? No! but at Freemasons' Tavern, with closed doors, after comfortable breakfasts, refreshing soirées, and prayers for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Hear, hear.) So utterly destitute are they of all faith in their own doctrine—which is not only unchristian but inhuman. They take to their bosoms that very reverend Dr. Baird, who would fly from the face of this English audience as he would from the face of a lion—and he would not dare to meet me upon this platform, knowing that I, all layman as I am—by one touch of the spear of truth could cause him to start into his real shape and likeness here, as a man who had stabbed Christ and blasphemed him, and made him a bye-word and a scorn amongst the heathen, by bringing the sanction of his Holy Gospel to support the hateful institution of American Slavery. No, no; they came not out to preach to us this doctrine. My old friend in the cause of British West India Emancipation—John Angel James—said that he disclaimed on his own behalf, and on behalf of the Alliance, all connection with my recent visit to America. Why, this same reverend divine—and I love him not the less because he has paid me this attention in the Alliance—was upon the very committee that sent me out to America in 1834, and he was the very man who upon my return, welcomed me back to Birmingham, passing a high eulogium both upon me and my mission—that mission being precisely the same as I went upon in 1850. Now what is the cause of this conduct towards me? Why it was extremely popular to praise George Thompson, and send him to the United States, in 1834, and give him the right hand of welcome and the Christian's blessing on his return in 1835; but it was equally popular in the Evangelical Alliance among ministerial brethren in 1851, to throw a sop to the grumbling Cerberus of American Slavery, and therefore the Angelic James received as an abolitionist this same Dr. Baird, and threw me overboard. Now a few words with regard to Slavery. What is it? Slavery in its essence is the claiming and holding of human beings as property—it is the invasion of man's natural and divine right to be free. Poverty is not Slavery; for free men are poor. Suffering is not Slavery; for free men suffer. Slavery is the deprivation of human liberty. Hence when an action is brought for false imprisonment, the verdict does not turn upon the prison in which the person was kept, the furniture by which he was surrounded, the food placed upon his table, or the tones, the gestures, or the tempers of his keeper, but upon the fact, was he or was he not deprived of his freedom. His prison may have been a palace or a dungeon, it matters not; the question is, was he unjustly deprived of his freedom. No man can hold a slave without usurping the authority and prerogative of God. By keep-

ing a Slave, a man invades the proprietary right of the Eternal Lord of All, who created the earth for man, but man for himself. Man cannot make unto himself another God; that would be idolatry. He may not take unto himself another supreme Master; that would be the treason of the creature to the Creator. Man cannot lawfully make a man a Slave, until he can *make a man*, and breathe into his nostrils the breath of life. (Cheers.) You who are anxious to rid the world of Slavery, with its accumulated horrors, know that the most efficient method of doing it will be by promulgating the doctrine, that under no conceivable circumstances can man lawfully hold property in man. When Slave-holding shall be universally branded as inhuman and atheistical, then, and not till then, will it disappear from the world. (Hear, hear.) In the United States of America there are at this moment about three millions and a quarter of slaves: a population far greater than that of Scotland. Every one of these human beings is a mere piece of merchandise; a chattel; a beast of burthen; a nonentity in the state—except as giving a property qualification vote to his oppressor—a dumb cipher in the court of justice; an animated hoeing machine in the field; a kennelled dog at home; a leper and a Pariah in the house of prayer, and an outcast from the grave of the white man. A Slave! To-day a Slave; to-morrow a Slave; a Slave for ever! (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Of the thirty States of which the American Union consists, fifteen are Slave States, and the remainder what are called “Free” States. You are aware, however, that through the whole of the Free States, the southern slaveholder is permitted to hunt his runaway Slave, and in doing so can constitutionally claim the assistance of the officers of the General Government. Now, is it not in the power of the Chairman to distinguish between speaking ill of this hateful institution, and entertaining any ill-feelings towards Slaveholders as men? Is it not within the compass of his imagination to conceive, that we may attack it, without injury to anything but that which is diabolical? Have I sought to harm the Slaveholder? O, trust me, I will meet the Chairman at the day of judgment, confronted with the Slaveholder; and if there is a man, whom after that Slaveholder has taken his last glimpse of Heaven, and is going to his deserts, he will express his thanks to, it is the man who told him what he was, what he was doing, and would have saved him, not by daubing him with untempered mortar, but by speaking the truth, and holding up before him his guilt. Is it possible to convert a man, unless you tell him what he is? When you appear to have converted him, you have not converted him. You must convert him to the truth, otherwise he is not converted at all. At all events he is your convert, and not a convert to God’s truth. I challenge the Chairman to produce one instance of reform brought about by the timid method he has so carefully prescribed to-night. I speak plainly, because I know that your Chairman has much more influence here than I have. He will have the ad-

vantage of his influence amongst his fellow-citizens to-morrow and the rest of his life when I am gone away. Was Luther very mealy-mouthed? Were any of your great reformers temporisers and time-servers? Remember, Sir, that all men are not cast in the same mould with yourself. Just as you see in a gaily illuminated house, lamps blazing of all colours, the light is one, but the media different. So a principle being put into my breast, I have nothing to do but to speak it out clearly as God has given me ability, as my own feelings and conscience are prompted. (Cheers.) I rather think that when the heart generates the momentum, it is better than when the cold intellect merely speaks, apart from the affections. I think that when the heart and the intellect go together, we are most likely to grasp the horrors of this system, and speak of it as it deserves. Now I want to draw your attention to cases that have recently occurred under the Fugitive Slave-Law—a law passed to give effect to one of the provisions of the Constitution of that federal republic—a law which stands pre-eminent for its infamy, atrocity, and inhuman cruelty. (Hear, hear.) That I may bring before you a vivid picture of the operations of this infernal measure, and that you may have some faint idea of the consternation, misery, and horror which it carries into peaceful districts, and into the midst of previously happy domestic circles, I will read a letter addressed to me while I was in the United States, by a gentleman in Philadelphia; a man who deserves to be ranked among the purest and most indefatigable philanthropists that have ever lived to bless the world, and pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of the victims of cruelty and oppression—a man after your own heart, Sir, for a meeker man I have never met with. (Laughter.) See how this Fugitive Slave-Bill has affected this mild and amiable family, for the writer has a wife like himself, and daughters like them both; and you may think, therefore, what a paradise that would be for our Chairman were he to lodge with them. I advise him if he should go that way, and not be specially engaged, to take up his quarters with this family. Writing from Philadelphia, he says:—"The accompanying parcel of extracts will give you a full account of the different Slave cases tried in this city, under the new Fugitive Slave-Law. Full and accurate as these reports are, however, they will afford you but a faint idea of the anguish and confusion that have been produced in this part of the country by this infamous statute. It has turned South-eastern Pennsylvania into another Guinea Coast, and caused a large portion of the inhabitants to feel as insecure from the brutal violence and diabolical acts of the kidnapper, as are the unhappy creatures who people the shores of Africa. Ruffians from the other side of the Slave-line, aided by professional kidnappers on our own soil—a class of men whose 'occupation' until lately, had been 'gone,'—are continually prowling through the community, and every now and then seizing and carrying away their prey. As a specimen of the boldness, though

fortunately, not of the success always with which these wretches prosecute their nefarious trade, read the enclosed article, which I cut from the *Freeman*, of January 2nd, and bear in mind that in no respect are the facts here mentioned over-stated. I read the article to Halzall, the deputy-marshal, who figures so infamously in it, and he freely admitted that all its statements were correct. This affair occurred in Chester County, one of the most orderly and intelligent counties in the State—a county settled principally by Quakers. A week or two after this occurrence, and not far from the same place, a farm house was entered by a band of armed ruffians, in the evening, and at a time when all the able-bodied occupants, save one, were known to be absent. This was a colored man, who was seated by the kitchen fire, and in the act of taking off his shoes. He was instantly knocked down and gagged; but, still resisting, he was beaten most unmercifully. There was a woman, and also a feeble old man, in the house, who were attracted to the spot by the scuffle; but they could neither render any assistance, nor (the light being put out), could they recognize the parties engaged in it. The unhappy victim being fairly overcome, was dragged like a slain beast to a waggon, which was about a hundred yards distant, waiting to receive him. In this he was placed, and conveyed across the line, which was about twenty miles further South; and that was the last, so far as I know, that has ever been heard of him. The alarm was given, of course, as soon as possible, and the neighbours were quickly in pursuit; but the kidnappers had got the start of them. The next morning the trail between the house, and the place where the waggon stood, was distinctly visible, and deeply marked with blood. About a fortnight since, a letter was brought to our office, from a well-known friend, the contents of which were in substance as follows:—A case of kidnapping had occurred in the vicinity of West Caln Township, Chester County, at about half-past one on Sunday morning, the 16th March. A black man, by the name of Thomas Hall, an honest, sober, and industrious individual, living in the midst of a settlement of farmers, had been stolen by persons who knocked at his door, and told him that his nearest neighbour wanted him to come to his house, one of his children being sick. Hall, not immediately opening his door, it was burst in, and three men rushed into his house; Hall was felled by the bludgeon of the men. His wife received several severe blows, and on making for the door was told, that if she attempted to go out or halloo, she would have her brains blown out. She however escaped through a back window, and gave the alarm; but before any person arrived upon the ground, they had fled with their victim. He was taken without any clothing, except his night clothes. A six-barrelled revolver, heavily loaded, was dropped in the scuffle, and left; also a silk handkerchief, and some old advertisement of a bear-bait, that was to take

place in Emmitsburg, Maryland. In how many cases the persons stolen are legally liable to capture, it is impossible to state. The law, you know, authorises arrests to be made, with or without process, and nothing is easier under such circumstances than to kidnap persons who are free born. The very same day that I received the above-mentioned letter, and while our hearts were still aching over its contents, another was brought us from Thomas Garret, of Wilmington, Delaware, announcing the abduction, a night or two before, of a free-coloured man of that city." Sir, I cannot mention the name of Mr. Garret, without here publicly expressing my reverence for him. He is a man renowned in America as one of the greatest benefactors of the black population; one of the most devoted friends of the fugitive Slave. Some years ago, for aiding three or four slaves to escape, he was arrested, brought to trial, fined in an amount beyond every cent he was worth in the world. He surrendered all, and stood up before the court, and in the face of his prosecutors, a beggared man, but the favourite of Heaven. The prosecutor then said to him, "Now, Mr. Garret, you have had to pay so dearly for your luxury of aiding runaway slaves to get to the north, that I trust you will never repeat the offence again, or put yourself into a similar predicament. "Friend," said he,—for both he and you, Sir, belong to a society that did run well in America when the Benezets, and Lays, and Sandifords, and Woolmans, did their duty, but a society that is now a dreadful stumbling-block in the way of the extinction of Slavery in America—[Mr. Neild, "True, true."] "Friend," said he, "I am now beggared; but if thou shouldst meet hereafter with a worn and foot-sore fugitive who wants shelter, repose, and a meal's victuals, and Thomas Garret should again have a hovel over his head, and a loaf in his cupboard, send that poor slave to me, and I am as ready to do what I have heretofore done as ever." (Loud cheers.) Oh! I could have hugged that man. Your Washingtons, Napoleons, and Kossuths, all fade into dreamy distance and utter insignificance in the presence of a sublime being like Thomas Garret, who not only talks of liberty, but loves it, and enjoys it only as a means of giving it to others. Having mentioned the name of Kossuth, my friends, allow me to say, that I trust the Hungarian patriot never will earn, as most assuredly he will deserve, the execrations of the world, if, after having fought the battles of his country upon the banks of the Danube, he accepts the hospitality of the tyrants Cass and Fillmore, and becomes the guest of the American nation—a nation which is truly nothing more than a grand confederacy of pirates, to rob one-sixth portion of its population of their rights as human beings. (Cheers.) Mr. McKimm then says:—"The outrage was committed by an ex-policeman, who pretending to be acting under the commission which he had been known to hold, entered, near the hour of midnight, the house of the victim, and alleging against him some

petty act of disorder, seized him, handcuffed him in the presence of his dismayed family, and carried him off to Maryland. The cheat that had been practised was not discovered by the family until the next evening; but it was too late, the man was gone. (Hear, hear.) At the time Mr. Garrett's letter was handed to me, narrating the foregoing case of manstealing, I was listening to the sad tales of two coloured women, who had come to the office for advice and assistance. One of them was an elderly person, whose son had been pursued by the marshal's deputies, and who had just escaped with 'the skin of his teeth.' She did not come on her own account, however; her heart was too full of joy for that. She came to accompany the young woman who was with her. This young woman was a remarkably intelligent lady-like person, and her story made a strong appeal to my feelings. She is a resident at Washington, and her errand here was, to procure the liberation of a sister-in-law, who is confined in that city, under very peculiar circumstances. This sister-in-law had absconded from her mistress about nine months since, and was secreted in the room of an acquaintance, who was cook in a distinguished Slave-holding family in Washington; her intention being, there to wait until all search should be over, and an opportunity offer of escape to the north. But, as yet, no such opportunity had offered; at least none that was available, and for nine long months had that poor girl been confined in the narrow limits of the cook's chamber, watched over day and night by that faithful friend, with a vigilance as sleepless as it had been disinterested. The time had now come, however, when something must be done. The family in whose house she is hid is about to be broken up, and the house to be vacated, and the girl must either be rescued from her peril, or she, and all her accomplices must be exposed. What to do under these circumstances was the question which brought this woman to Philadelphia. I advised her to the best of my ability, and sent her away hopeful, if not rejoicing. (Hear, hear). But in many of these cases we can render no aid whatever. All we can do is to commend them to the God of the oppressed, and labour on for the day of general deliverance. But oh! the horrors of this hell-born system, and the havoc made by this, its last foul offspring, the Fugitive Slave-Law! The anguish, the terror, the agony inflicted by this infamous statute, must be witnessed to be fully appreciated. You must hear the tale of the broken-hearted mother, who has just received tidings that her son is in the hands of man-thieves." I really must be inflicting a great deal of pain upon our chairman in narrating these acts committed among *possibly* Christian Slaveholders. And yet these are facts. At the Old Bailey bar, when a little boy of thirteen years of age is brought up for stealing two rotten apples, the judges lift their heads with astonishment, pass a heavy sentence upon the prisoner, and then go off to the party of Mr. Abbott Lawrance, Mr. Peabody, or somebody else, who

lives by the uncompensated labour of hundreds of slaves toiling for him on the plantations of the Mississippi, while he, the master, is living here in glory, although undeserving of any thing but the stripes he inflicts upon the quivering flesh of others. Only let us be impartial: if you will spare my criminal, I will spare yours; but if you will speak of the act of a little boy in stealing one or two apples as a crime, or call a man for stealing a horse, or for picking a handkerchief from a pocket, a thief, then permit me to brand that ecclesiastical bloated tyrant, the Methodist bishop, or moderator of the General Assembly—a thousand horse-stealers in one—and if I can call him nothing but a thief, and must call the other a thief also, I will beg pardon of the horse-stealer for putting him into such company. (Cheers.) Is it not written, “How much better is a man than a sheep?” Is it not also written, that “where much is given, much shall also be required?” If the chairman will prove to me that freedom and light have not been striving on the continent of America—that seventy-five years since they did not solemnly declare, that all men were free and equal, and that resistance to tyrants was obedience to God—and if he will prove that ever since that time they have not been living in the midst of light, but groping in darkness, I shall be bound to make some allowance for them, at all events to inquire how they have been educated, and what have been their habits and pursuits; a pretext which is often used now, just as though it were necessary for me to have a particular education to know that I have a right to myself, and by natural consequence that if I have a right to myself another man has a right to himself also. Why, Sir, put any one of these Slaveholders upon a desert island, with a stalwart negro, and I warrant he would not for a moment attempt to raise such a question. He would say, “We are equal *brother*; give us your hand. Help me to dig up some potatoes?” Oh, Sir, the Slaveholder knows it well. Ignorant of this! Why their divines have piled up their books until they can make light darkness, and darkness light. They employ arguments which, if used in Bristol, would astonish you. I will give you the last which has been advanced to prove that the negro was meant to be a slave; that he was created to be the prey of others. I have got a very ingenious book, written by a man down South, on the lawfulness of slavery. He divides his subject into a variety of heads. There is one chapter upon the peculiar organisation of the negro. Another on the wisdom and goodness of God, as exhibited in all his works—the admirable adaptation of the camel for the desert, the lion for the forest of Southern Africa, and beautiful women for the city of Bristol. “Now,” says he, “look at the negro; he was made to be a slave. God knew it. Knowing all things he foresaw he would come to work on the plantation, and therefore prepared him for his work by mercifully giving to the Southern negro a nictillating membrane so much larger than other men.”

(Laughter.) And then he would close his description of the negro's organisation, with a pious ejaculation, "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes!" But I must not keep back from you a word of Mr. Mc. Kimm's letter. Remember that it comes from the city of brotherly love, in the state of Pennsylvania, founded by William Penn, having in it—perhaps with one exception, although I know not even with that exception—more of the Society of Friends, than any other city. While I thus speak of them as having forsaken the paths of their fathers, and joined the adversaries of the slave, in having encouraged virulence and opposition against devoted Abolitionists of that country, let me add, that there exists amongst them compassionate hearts, and a willingness to the utmost extent of their power to aid the fugitives that come along their way; but I speak of their action, or rather their non-action, as a body in the cause of American freedom when I speak of them in terms of reprehension. And here let me tell you a remarkable fact, concealed—not I hope wilfully—but still kept from the eyes of the Anti-Slavery friends in this country—that when George William Alexander and Mr. Candler, both of whom I knew intimately, went to the city of Philadelphia, and solicited the use of the orthodox meeting, to state the result of their observations in the West Indies, that it might encourage the hearts of the Pennsylvanians, in labouring for the extinction of Slavery, these missionaries were refused the use of the Friends' Meeting-house, and were obliged to go to the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Mc. Kimm then proceeds—"You must listen to the impassioned appeal of the wife, whose husband's retreat has been discovered, and whose footsteps are dogged by the bloodhounds of Slavery. You must hear the husband, as I did, a few weeks ago, himself bound and helpless, beg you for God's sake to save his wife. You must see such a woman as Hannah Dellam, with her noble boy at her side, pleading in vain before a pro-slavery judge, that she is of right free; that her son is entitled to his freedom; and above all, that her babe, about to be born, should be permitted to open its eyes upon the light of liberty." Oh, mothers! think of this! If there were a dastard Englishman in this room to-night to utter the cry that designing man have put into his ignorant head, "Look at your white slaves at home;" I would say, think of this point—of a mother who in anticipation of the crisis which awaits her, curses God that she is about to give birth to a mere beast for the market. Think of a million and a half of your own sex, and not a wife among them all. Think of this multitude of mothers, and not one who has given birth to a child, who has a legal right to protect her offspring, clasp it to her yearning bosom, or say this hour, that it may the next draw the fluid that sustains it from her breast. Think, O women of Bristol! of 1,500,000 of your sex detained in one vast brothel. And we are to be very gentle with this foul and fetid system. How are we to speak of a great lazar house like this, where the chastest

female is liable to be compelled to yield up herself to the brutal lusts of the demi-devil that beckons her for from the field, or commands her to his house? (Intense sensation.) And does the Chairman know that this hellish system is supported root and branch by all the great religious denominations of the country? (Hear.) Does he admit to-night that it is death for the second offence to teach a slave child in Louisiana to read the Scriptures? Does he deny that the ministers of the United States are forbidden by law when they marry coloured persons, to use the words "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder?" Does he deny that when a husband is sold from a wife, or a wife from a husband, that they are not told by a minister of religion that they may marry again, for they are mutually dead to each other? Does he admit this? Oh I will not be among those who should deal even in soft phraseology towards those who uphold this system, and oblique censure on those who have sacrificed social standing, and all things for revealing this system, at least in some of its blackness and enormity. How are we to speak of such a system as that of American Slavery? Would the Chairman be very tender in dealing with the procuresses and bullies of his own city? How would he speak of them? Would he call them "gentlemen" simply because he sees them at yonder cathedral altar on the Sabbath-day? The Chairman tells us we are to speak the truth in love, and be very tender in our language. Let him tell us before he leaves this platform what he means, and who he means it for. Oh I think if his wife were in the polluting grasp of a Slave-holder, he would not say, "George Thompson, calm your irascible temper. You are going too fast; you are talking too loud; speak the truth in love to yonder demon." (Cheers and laughter.) Does he know the vastness of the work before us? Is he aware that there are three millions and a half of human beings to be got out of Slavery? He forgets it: so does every man who begins to talk about mild phraseology. He has not yet fully grasped the sentiment, nor dropped the line and plummet into this bottomless pit of foul pollution, to bring it up again, as I have done, ever exclaiming, "O, the depths!" He has never walked about this gigantic system. It is easy enough for a man to come out from a counting-house, banking-house, or drawing-room, and preach moderation and mildness to the execrators of this mystery of iniquity. Oh the world will not be saved by such means: if it would the Friends would have converted it long ago, for they have been very very mild on the subject of Slavery for years past. I have heard that which I do not like fall from the lips of our Chairman, and I have reciprocated the frankness of a friend in telling him so. (Cheers and laughter.) My friend Mc. Kimm winds up his letter thus:—"You must hear the judge's decision, remorselessly giving up the woman with her children, born and unborn, into the hands of their claimants—by them to

be carried to the slave prison, and thence to be sold to a returnless distance from the remaining but scattered fragments of her once happy family. These things you must see and hear for yourselves before you can form any adequate idea of the bitterness of this cup which the unhappy children of oppression along this southern border are called upon to drink. Manifestations like these have we been obliged either to witness ourselves or hear the recital of from others, almost daily, for weeks together. Our aching hearts of late have known but little respite. A shadow has been cast over our home circles, and a sympathetic check given to the wonted cheerfulness of our families. One night, the night that the woman and the boy and the unborn babe received their doom, my wife, long after midnight, literally wept herself to sleep. For the last fortnight we have had no new cases; but even now, when I go home in the evening, if I happen to look more serious than usual, my wife instantly notices it, and asks, 'Is there another Slave case?' and my little girls look up anxiously for my reply. It was only last evening, that going home a little later than is my custom, my wife met me in the entry with much concern pictured in her countenance, and made the enquiry, "What has kept you so long?" "Nothing in particular," I answered, "I was detained at the office by some business which I could not very well postpone." "O, I feel greatly relieved," she said, "I was afraid there was another slave case." I could fill volumes with tales and incidents of this kind, but the specimens I have given you must suffice. They will shew you that I hardly used a figure of speech when I said that the slave-dealers have made another Guinea Coast of the borders of Pennsylvania." This admirable letter will suffice to shew the workings of the Fugitive Slave Law, or it would be easy to take you from Pennsylvania to New York, and thence to the States of New England, and to detain you for hours by a recital of the most distressing cases of a similar kind. (Hear, hear.) On my arrival in Boston in November last, I found that city in a state of the highest excitement, arising from the circumstance that warrants had been granted by a United States Commissioner for the apprehension of William and Ellen Crafts, the interesting couple who have visited this city, and are at this moment obtaining the education denied them in Slavery. (Cheers.) I found the hiding-place of these victims of the Fugitive Slave Law, and counselled their immediate departure on board a British mail steamer for England. My suggestion was acted upon, and it may amuse you if I read the comments of one of the American papers upon my conduct in this respect. In the month of March following, I delivered a series of addresses in the city of Rochester, in the western part of the State of New York. In one of these addresses I said,—“ I landed in the city of Boston, a city, the name and fame of which were dear to me; for it was in Boston the first tones of remonstrance, the first protest against tyranny, the first

shouts for American independence, were heard. The city was in a state of wild excitement. Placards covered the walls announcing the arrival of man-catchers, in hot pursuit after two native-born Americans.

“What right had they there in the home of the white,
Shadowed o'er by the banner of freedom and right?”

What right? Why they were sanctioned and protected in their hellish purpose by the law of the United States, backed by the entire naval and military power of the country. I landed in Boston to find the people under a higher law than the law of God—a law requiring them to give up their own citizens, utterly innocent of crime, without the trial granted to a pickpocket, to a doom more terrible than that pronounced upon a felon. I turned to the public journals, to read the protest of an outraged, indignant, and maddened community, against so flagitious an insult to the honour of the State, the hospitality of the city, and the rights of humanity; but instead of “thoughts that breathe in words that burn;” directed like arrows against this insult, I found only vindications of the law, exhortations to obedience, and the fiercest denunciations of those who refused to “bewray the wanderer.” Saw I not the spirit of Slavery in all this? What is the difference between the moral atmosphere of mercantile Boston and Slaveholding New Orleans? Nothing. The observers of Fugitive Slave-Laws, are co-partners with the masters of Slaves. The man who submits himself to the petrifying and calcining processes invented by political chemists to turn hearts into flint, is more than a slaveholder; for the one is the slave of his own lusts, and the other his obsequious and voluntary panderer. A New England Sabbath dawned, the Church bells tolled. The Jerusalem of America poured forth its religious and Sabbath-keeping population. I saw the tribes go up to hymn the praises of Him who wills not that one of his little ones should perish. While the ministers were preaching the love of God—how he gave His son to redeem the lost race of man—and how we should not live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us—I walked through the streets of this most pious city, to find the hiding-place of two of God's children, hunted for their lives, and one of them a woman. I was guided by a beloved friend, whose motto is, ‘My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind.’ We found at last the secret covert of those fugitives—we discovered and entered the retreat of two immortal beings, hiding from the human blood hounds that were trailing on their track. I found them. They were not afraid, for I was an Englishman. I offered them an Englishman's hand; I took them to an Englishman's heart; I sent them to an Englishman's home; and Ellen and William Craft are now safe from the hunters of men.” This part of my address to the citizens of Rochester, gave great umbrage to the editor of the leading democratic paper, the *Daily Advertiser*, who had previously assailed me in no very courteous language. On this

occasion he came out with an article headed "Violation of a Law of Congress, by a British Emissary! The Infamy Confessed." The article so headed begun:—"We have at length caught the Bristol spy and emissary, George Thompson, in his own snare. He who came among us with sanctimonious mockery upon his subtle tongue, now throws off all disguise, comes out with the most unblushing effrontery, and confesses, and boasts, that he, a British member of Parliament, has been guilty of trampling under foot a penal law of Congress. He then quotes my language, and says—"The secret is out at last! We have charged that this British emissary came to this country to instigate resistance to our laws. Now the mask is off, and it turns out that this British member of Parliament came to this country to trample on our laws, to engage in kidnapping and negro stealing. Now, let this emissary mark the penalty of his crime. He has made himself liable to a fine of a thousand dollars, to six months' imprisonment, and to pay two thousand dollars as the value of the slaves he has taken to his heart." He then quotes the section of the law prescribing these penalties, and says:—"What now remains to be done? It strikes us there is but one alternative: either for us to submit to have our laws trampled under foot, scoffed at and defied—not by an irresponsible mob merely, but by members of Queen Victoria's Parliament—or for us to assert the supremacy of our laws, and make these lawless emissaries pay the forfeit of their crimes and transgressions." After an earnest appeal to the United States Government, to arrest the British violator of the laws, he concluded by saying, "The culprit has confessed his guilt—glories in it—boasts of it—and defies the ministers of our laws. Will such an infamous insult be submitted to? We shall see." I remained in the United States from the 27th of March, when the article appeared, until the 25th of June, but heard nothing from the Government respecting any kidnapping and negro-stealing exploits in Boston. I think I have now said enough on this most infamous piece of Trans-atlantic legislation. (Cheers). I can do little, in the compass of a brief address, like that I am now delivering, in the way of laying before you the illustrations of the American Slave system, which I accumulated during my recent visit; and yet I could not let the opportunity pass without producing a few specimens of the working of the peculiar "domestic institution" of that country. The Fugitive Slave Law, just noticed, has emboldened the Slaveholders, and led them to commence advertising their runaway Slaves in northern newspapers. Hence, when I was in the United States, one advertisement appeared in the *New York Sun*, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for two negro men, who had left Maryland about a year before. Let me now ask you to listen to me while I read three or four advertisements, which appear constantly in a newspaper I have brought with me, called *The Wilmington Journal*, published in North Carolina, and

dated the 18th of April of the present year. The same paper contains a number of advertisements of men and women for sale. The first refers to the case of a free colored man, taken out of a New England vessel, and by this time, in all probability, sold into Slavery, to pay his prison fees. Let it be recollected that British seamen are exposed to the same fate.

“NOTICE.—Taken up, and committed to gaol, in New Hanover County, North Carolina, on the 28th of September, 1850 (as a run-away slave,) a negro man, who says his name is GEORGE AARON. He is about 25 years old, 5 feet 4 inches high, black complexion. He came here as a *seaman from Boston*, in September last. He pretends he is free, and says he was raised in Brooklyn, New York. The owner of the said negro is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, otherwise he will be dealt with as the law directs.

“OWEN FENNELL, Sheriff.

“Wilmington, North Carolina, Jan. 10, 1851.”

Well now, Sir, do you hear anything about these things in the Evangelical Alliance? On matters of doctrine, and even on forms and ceremonials, things outward and carnal, so strict are they, that you are cut off from membership if you do not come up to their standard. You may be there as a spectator, but you are not eligible to join. Yet upon a question of palpable immorality, visible as the sun—upon a question that savages would settle in an instant—yea, that a tiger decides when she growls at the individual who would touch one of her cubs, a reverend assembly sitting in solemn divan to determine whether or not in the first instance, the Slaveholder shall come amongst them as a Christian, a question which, in their first assembly they resolved in the affirmative, but which determination they were subsequently compelled to rescind at their Manchester meeting—and yet here, I say, is this same body professing to reopen the question, and deliberate upon the same subject, patiently listening to Dr. Baird, pouring contempt upon that professed Master whose name he dishonours, and of whose religion he is so base and unworthy a preacher—bringing in a report, the adoption of which is moved by Angell James and seconded by Dr. King, and expressing a hope that some of these days the difficulties which now prevent them receiving Slaveholders into communion may be removed, and that they may be all one in Christ Jesus. (Cries of “Oh.”) Now this is not only “Straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel,” but swallowing as many camels as would extend from Grand Cairo to Suez—caravans, camels, elephants, hippopotamus, and all. Why, Sir, this question of Slavery is a question upon which, of all others, there should be no debate amongst Christians. Why, Sir, when the Sacred Writers would sum up all the spiritual good which men can enjoy, anticipate, or possess hereafter—when they would take all the blessings of the assurance of pardon, and the foretaste of a happy heaven itself—when they would take all these immeasurable blessings, and concentrate them into one word, they call it liberty. That is

the designation which is given of the sum total of good on earth and good in heaven, of all that belongs to earth and heaven; and that designation has fixed upon Slavery to the end of the world and to the end of time—the brand of execration and condemnation. If there be one man with whom we should be faithful and outspoken, it is not the mere drunken sinner, or the base keeper of the street brothel, but it is your sacerdotal ruffian who comes from the pro-slavery Church of America, and who blasphemously pleads the mandate of Christ, and the sanction of his religion for tolerating for an instant such a nondescript monster as a professed Christian Slaveholder. (Cheers.) I say that because I know, or think I know, what Christianity is; and I think I could demonstrate that the Evangelical Alliance have yet to learn what it is. Go and learn, thou apologist for Slaveholders and Slavery abettors, what this meaneth—“I will have mercy and not sacrifice, for it is better to obey than to sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.” “Who hath required this at your hands? Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to undo the heavy burden, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free.” (Cheers.) The Evangelical Alliance are mourning over Popery, infidelity, the violation of the Sabbath, and the assumption by Romanists of Ecclesiastical Titles—are they? Let them mourn, but let me tell them the remedy. “Take away from the midst of you the yoke, the putting forth of the finger and the speaking vanity.” “Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day.” (Cheers.) But there is another advertisement, cut from an Arkansas paper:—

“**TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.**—Run away from the Subscriber, a negro woman, named Fanny Mayner. Said Fanny is about 28 years of age, a very dark mulatto, about middle size, and likely. She is supposed to be lurking in or about Fayetteville, where she has relatives. The above reward will be given for her return to the Subscriber, or her lodgement in Wilmington gaol.

“**JOSEPH SKIPPEN.**”

“January 3rd, 1851.”

Here is another:—

“**STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—NEW HANOVER COUNTY.**—Whereas, complaint upon oath hath this day been made to us, two of the Justices of the Peace for the State and County aforesaid, by Guilford Horn, of Edcombe County, that a certain male Slave belonging to him, named Harry, a carpenter by trade, about 40 years old, 5 feet 5 inches high, or thereabouts; yellow complexion; stout built; with a scar on his left leg (from the cut of an axe,) has very thick lips; eyes deeply sunk in his head, forehead very square; tolerably loud voice; has lost one or two of his upper teeth, and has a very dark spot on his jaw, supposed to be a mark—hath absented himself from his master’s service, and is supposed to be lurking about in this county, committing acts of felony, or other misdeeds. These are, therefore, in the name of the State aforesaid, to command the said Slave forthwith to surrender himself and return home to his said master. And we do hereby, by virtue of the Act of Assembly, in such cases made and provided, intimate and declare, that if the said Slave Harry doth not surrender himself and return hence immediately after the publication of these

presents, that any person or persons may KILL and DESTROY the said Slave, by such means as he or they may think fit, without accusation or impeachment of any crime or offence for so doing, and without receiving any penalty or forfeiture thereby.

“ Given under our hands and seals this 29th day of June, 1850.

“ JAMES T. MILLER; J.P. (Seal.)

“ W. E. BETTEUEVURT, J.P. (Seal.)

“ ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD will be paid for the delivery of the said Harry to me, at Josnott Depot, Edgecombe County, or for his confinement in any Jail in this State, so that I can get him ; or 150 dollars will be given for his head.

“ He was lately heard from in Newbear, where he called himself Henry Barnes (or Burns) and will be likely to continue the same name, or assume that of Coppage, of Farmer. He has a free mulatto woman for a wife, by the name of Sally Bizeman, who has lately removed to Wilmington, and lives in that part of the town called Texas, where he will likely be lurking.

“ Masters of vessels are particularly cautioned against harbouring or concealing the said negro on board their vessels, as the full penalty of the law will be rigorously enforced.

“ Guildford House,

“ June 29th, 1850.”

I will read one more advertisement of a similar kind, and then leave them to speak for themselves, and to proclaim to the people of England the murderous malignity of that bloody system which we seek to abolish.

“ TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away from the Subscriber, in Doaksville, Choctau Nation, on the 25th of January, a likely negro man, named Aleck, a good blacksmith, aged about 29, bright dark complexion, about 5 feet 10 inches high. Has a small scar on his face. When spoken to has a slight stutter in his speech, particularly if a little excited. The above reward will be paid if delivered to me in Doaksville.

“ He took from me a small horse poney, stout made, and paces fast, about 8 years old. Also a tolerably new dragoon saddle with new light leather skirts, a bridle and martingales. Also a good double-barrelled shot gun, percussion lock.

“ I will pay an additional reward of 50 DOLLARS for the horse, bridle, saddle, and gun, or in proportion for what is delivered to me.

“ If the boy cannot be taken alive, I will pay a reward of 25 dols. FOR HIS SCALP.

“ *Fort Smith Herald and Cherokee Advocate* will please insert the above notice five times, and forward their account to this office.

“ H. N. FOLSOM.

“ Doaksville, Feb. 19th, 1851.”

Now, my friends, this is the nation, and this is the people, that talk of “ foreign interference.” Dr. Baird talked to the Alliance about the mischief of foreign interference, and said that he belonged to a jealous nation. Yes, Sir, and I belong to a jealous God. (Cheers.) A God who is jealous for the happiness and liberty of his children, and when I look at the command which is imposed upon his creatures by Him, why I care nothing for this boasted jealousy of America. Sir I am not speaking words in Bristol as strong as those I have uttered in the United States. I have spoken openly and boldly in the midst of this jealous nation what I am aaying now. I have spoken at Athens, where they worship the unknown God of Slavery ; not the God whose heart is

love, and whose tender mercies are over all his works. The God of America is not the God of the Bible. I have sought his temple in vain in that country. I have gone amongst the Presbyterians; I found he was not there. I searched for Him amongst the Baptists, and, save in a small band of seceders among that body, he was not there. I looked for Him among the Methodists, he was not there; except again in a small isolated fraction. I have sought the foot-prints of Christ, and I had to trace them to a little room up two pair of back of stairs in a house in Boston, where sat Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and his noble associates—(loud cheers)—men upon whom some persons in this country, who wish to stand very well with the community at large in America, pour their contempt and their scorn. I say, Sir, that America is wilfully negligent of her own children. You talk of instructing America! Why what is the use of undertaking such a foolish work of supererogation? Do you think they do not know the worth of souls, and the value of their salvation? Why their missionaries, sent to save souls, may be found in India, China, the Isles of Greece, Syria, Turkey, Persia, Constantinople, the Isles of the sea. Oh yes, judge them by their own professions, and you will find they know the value of souls full well. Why are they not scattering the Scriptures in all the babbling tongues of mankind? Are they not sending the light of their knowledge to millions of people? Do they not profess to have almost unbounded faith, and to believe that they have but to send the Bible and missionary to the most distant superstition, and however strong and hoary that they will bring it tumbling to the earth? Have they not faith to grasp the entire inhabitants of this globe in their sympathy and Christian exertion, all save that three millions and a half of human beings in their midst, whose souls cannot be saved because Henry Clay values their bodies at fifteen hundred millions of dollars. Try to teach such a nation as that? Why they can teach you. No, Sir, it is not light they want, but conscience; not education but honesty. The only thing that is needed in America is, a trust in God and a speaking of the truth. Follow out your religious principles, and do not fear the results. I have no idea of what some of your professed Christians call "management;" the world will never be converted by it. It does very well for cabinets or electioneering committees, sitting at the Bush in Bristol, or anywhere else. Where anything dirty is to be done, management is a great element—a mighty power; but the man who takes a comprehensive view of God's method of achieving the salvation of this world in the matter of Slavery, will find that the work must be done simply by the foolishness of preaching. You may ask me what I have done to benefit the slave to-night. Did you hear the rev. gentleman who preceded me narrate the story of the boy going into the London Mechanics' Institute, some twenty-three years ago, and failing in his attempt to address his fellow-members in private, but who now stands, Sabbath

by Sabbath in the pulpit as a preacher of the Gospel? Do you believe that the little children in this room to-night will ever forget what they have been here listening to? I can appeal from you to them, and if you have disapproved of what I have said, the echoes of their hearts will be my exceeding great reward. They will grow up, and chase this monster Slavery from the world. They will live to see the day when such advertisements as those I have placed before you, will make Christendom ring with the gathered execration of every being—I will not say Christian, but human. And yet those advertisements have recently come over from America without creating any sensation, even among religious bodies, much less the community at large. Now let me ask the Chairman whether he has read the proceedings of the New School General Assembly. I was near Utica, in the State of New York, when the body met in that city. When this reverend assembly of divines, reformed upon the subject of Slavery met, a brother of the name of Grosvenor, had the temerity at one of their sessions to propose a resolution to the effect that the Fugitive Slave Bill, recently enacted by the Congress, was inhuman and opposed to the spirit and genius of Christianity—the very words that our chairman has used several times to-night—and therefore ought to be censured by that assembly. Sir, I have here a newspaper, the organ of the new School Presbyterians, published in Pennsylvania, called the *Christian Observer*, which says that the same resolution, affirming a truth admitted by every Christian in this country, was received with loud laughter by that venerable assembly of professed ministers of the Gospel. (Cries of “shame.”) Now, mark, this same Dr. Baird—with whom I shall have a bone to pick by-and-bye—is not a person belonging to the old school. But no more of him now. I think we had better dismiss him for the present. Sir, one thing must be done in this country, If the Christian church goes wrong upon the subject of American Slavery, we must appeal to the people. (Hear.) If the ministers of religion will go right, the people will follow them. Whatever else was without form and comeliness about the deceased Mr. O’Connell, this at all events was mentioned of him with respect and admiration, that the Liberator of Ireland, not unwilling to receive contributions from the United States for the support of the Repeal Association, would not receive money tendered by a Slaveholding community somewhere in the South, and would not touch the hand of any man coming from America, until he had put the question to him, whether he was or was not from the South; whether he was or was not in favour of Slavery. (Hear.) What a contrast does the conduct of this Papist agitator present to that of the evangelical members and ministers of the Alliance. Let me now endeavour to shew you to what extent the system of Slavery in the United States is undermining and destroying the great principle under which the republic itself was founded. I need not inform you that the Declara-

tion of American Independence contains the words—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that amongst these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." You know also, that on every 4th of July this Declaration is read in every part of the country, and orations delivered in praise of the principles it contains. But what is the present language of a portion of the American press? What says the *New York Herald*, the most widely-circulated paper in the country? "The famous dogma that all men are born free and equal, is a dogma beautiful in sound, but empty, transcendental, and truthless in fact. All men on the contrary are born weak imbecile, and in fact slaves. The dogma so often cited as the basis of our government is a hollow and senseless sound, and it is time to cast it aside as political charlatanism of the most destructive character. Our political meetings, our courts of justice, our churches, our educational system, our business operations—in fact every avenue of life—are afflicted with the spirit of this false and pestilential political lie." This article was published on the 22nd May last. Within a few days of the appearance of this article, the *Washington Union*, the recognized organ of the National Democratic party, spoke as follows:—"There is no equality among men, except in the universal duty of all to obey the laws of God. Freedom and equality are necessarily determined in any given society or community by the varying influences of origin and caste, age, numbers, geographical position, and contact with other societies and communities. The terms liberty, and freedom, are not in themselves expressive of a standard of freedom which excludes the idea of dependence or slavery." (Hear, hear.) In this brief, but pregnant, extract, there is an entire repudiation of the whole doctrine of natural rights; of the equality of men, as respects the possession of certain inherent and inalienable rights—of the doctrine that the people should govern. There is also a distinct acknowledgment of the legitimacy and propriety in certain states of society, of caste, of class legislation, and even of despotism itself. Yet this is part of an elaborate manifesto setting forth the principles and political creed of the National Democratic party in the United States. (Hear, hear.) I must now, Sir, draw these observations to a conclusion; but I cannot sit down without first telling you who are doing the great work of abolition in the United States. But before doing so, I will tell you negatively who are not doing it, and who are therefore criminally guilty of the perpetuation of the great sin of America. The legislature of the United States is not doing it. The course of the general government of that country has been downwards ever since the Declaration of Independence. I say, emphatically, that for seventy-five years, while this country has happily been rising; and its people struggling on from one degree of liberty to another; under a superincumbent mass that would have

crushed any other race but such an one as ourselves, the course of America has been invariably downward. Do you ask me the proof? The Declaration of Independence passed, a constitution was adopted. The Convention that framed that constitution sent it forth with five distinct and separate pro-Slavery provisions, out of one of which the Fugitive Slave-Law recently passed has grown. Then came the Fugitive Slave-Law of 1793. Then came the purchase of Louisiana in 1803. Then the purchase of Florida. Then the admission of Missouri. Then the war upon the Peninsular of Florida which grew out of Slavery between the Seminole Indians, upon the question of affording protection to fugitives. Then after that came the piratical expedition to Texas. Then its annexation. Then the war in Mexico, with all its horrors, rapine and blood, and, finally, to cap the climax, and crown this pyramid of national atrocity, this infernal Fugitive Slave-Law. The legislature then, it is clear, is not and has not been doing the work of abolishing Slavery. The legislators of America hurl with malignity their thunder bolts at the heads of the Abolitionists. I have had the honor of being denounced by the Clays, the Casses, the Dickinsons, the Dodges, of the Senate, and the House of Representatives. From the city of Bristol, I now tell them that I hold their denunciations in lighter esteem than the idle wind that passes by me. The clergy of America are not doing the work of abolishing Slavery. The action of ecclesiastical bodies in their organised capacity and form is against emancipation. The churches of the United States are the chief strength of Slavery. The politicians are not doing it. Do not be led away by the idea that the work is being done by any particular sect of politicians. It is a gross misrepresentation. You may have heard a good deal said of what the Free Soilers are doing; what the Liberty party are doing; what the Buffalo platform men are doing; what the Barnburners are doing; what the Loco Focos are doing; or what the Pewter Muggers are doing. (Laughter.) You do not understand these designations of parties; some of these days I will write a political dictionary, which will render it unnecessary, as now, to break your shins over these hard names. No, it is not the politicians—not even the professedly Anti-Slavery parties amongst them—that are doing the work. Who is doing it? Is it the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society in New York? No, there is no such Society in that city for the purpose of overthrowing Slavery in America. But, Sir, there is a Society which is really doing the work of the abolition of Slavery in America, and of that Society I speak from personal experience. In the most public, solemn, and emphatic manner, I would bear my humble testimony to the character of the American abolitionists. For more than twenty years I have had peculiar opportunities of judging of the motives which lead persons to engage in the work of philanthropy and reform, as well as of observing the spirit in which they prosecute

their object, and the principles by which they are sustained when their labours are unpopular, arduous, protracted, and perilous. I have mingled much with those who would better the condition of the world by the dissemination of the Scriptures—with those, also, who would send Christian Missionaries to every part of the earth, to turn men from heathen darkness to the light of the Gospel; with those, also, who, prosecuting what may be called domestic reforms, have sought to ameliorate the condition of their own countrymen, by the removal of shackles on their consciences, their industry, their trade, or the exercise of their political rights. (Cheers.) I need not add that I have mingled much in this kingdom with those who have possessed a zeal for the abolition of Slavery throughout the British dominions, and throughout the globe. It has also been my privilege, once and again, to be united in labour and in hope with the Abolitionists of America. In respect of this band of Reformers, my opinion of them rests upon no transient glance at their objects, their measures, or their character. For more than eighteen years I have known them intimately. In 1833, I was the coadjutor and constant companion of William Lloyd Garrison—(cheers)—during his first mission to this country. In the years 1834 and 1835, I was the representative of British Abolitionists in the United States, the agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and from time to time, in the course of my journeys, the guest by turns of almost every leading Anti-Slavery man in the country. From 1836 to 1840, inclusive, I was in constant communication with the Abolitionists of America, and was the recognised exponent of their principles and plans in this country. In the latter year I had the happiness to be identified with those devoted men and women whom the hateful spirit of sectarianism excluded from the World's Convention. In later years I co-operated with the American Anti-Slavery Society, and did my best to preserve the Abolitionists of England and Scotland from being infected with that leprosy which had smitten those on the other side of the water, who were known by the name of New Organizationists. In 1845, I joined the faithful representatives of the American Society, and laboured with Frederick Douglass, and Henry C. Wright, and James N. Buffum. In 1846, I had the happiness to welcome to England for the third time, my friend and brother, Mr. Garrison—(loud cheers)—and to co-operate with him successfully, in saving the religious bodies of this country from the consequences of the fatal error committed by the Evangelical Alliance when they deliberately refused to make man-stealing a ground of exclusion from their body. Still more recently, and within the last year, it has been my high privilege to labour with the Abolitionists of America for more than eight months. I am justified then, I think, when I lay claim to an intimate knowledge of the character, the motives, and measures of the Abolitionists. No man I believe knows them better, or has enjoyed a larger

measure of their confidence. (Hear, hear.) Having enjoyed these opportunities and advantages, I am here to declare that in my most deliberate judgment there does not exist a body of men and women associated for the attainment of any object, more single in their purpose, more pure in their motives, more lofty in their principles, or more truly Christian in their spirit, and the character of the instrumentalities they employ. The truth compels me to go further, and to say that I do not know a body of individuals besides, who, to the same extent, exemplify the practical virtues of Christianity. (Cheers.) I speak now of the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society—a society formed under the most impressive circumstances in the year 1833—whose declaration of objects and principles is one of the noblest documents ever penned. I speak of those who have stood by the great and dauntless leader of the Anti-Slavery host, William Lloyd Garrison—a man who, though he has not yet reached the meridian of life, has for two-and-twenty years toiled with unremitting ardour, and unimpeached disinterestedness, and unequalled heroism in the cause of the bleeding slave; a man, who, though denounced by the State as a traitor, reviled by the Church as a heretic, and anathematised by the slaveholding conspiracy of America as an incendiary, is the truest patriot, one of the most devout imitators of the life of Christ, and one of the best friends of the human race—a man with a soul as transparent, as peaceful, and as pure, as ever tenanted a human form. (Loud Cheers.) If I were asked to name the man of the present age, who has accomplished the greatest moral work of the age, and from whose labours the mightiest issues would flow, I should unhesitatingly pronounce the name of William Lloyd Garrison. (Cheers.) There is in the United States of America but one efficient and uncompromising Anti-Slavery Society, which is that which has Mr. Garrison for its president. (Hear, hear.) Some persons on this side of the water, imagine there is another society called the American and *Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society. I am here to declare that there is no real organisation or society of that name, and that those who are aware of the facts of the case and seek to lead the people of this country to believe in the existence of an American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society are practising an injurious and wicked fraud. It is with deep pain that I have this day read in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* of Monday the 1st of September, a statement which is not merely a misrepresentation or a suppression of the truth, but the publication of that which is in itself absolutely false. This statement is the more inexcusable, inasmuch as on the 1st of August, at a public meeting in the city of London, and in the presence of persons connected with the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, I stated that the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was a name and no more—a nonentity. This statement of mine was published in the London daily papers, accompanied by a challenge at the time to meet any

individual in print or on the platform, who was prepared to dispute my assertion. The statement of the *Reporter* to which I allude, is the following:—"The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society is one of the most important of all the agencies in existence in the United States, for the destruction of the accursed system of Slavery." This statement is printed and published on the 1st of September—one month after I had deliberately made the assertion I have quoted, and fifteen days after Mr. Richard Webb, of Dublin, who is now on the platform, had in a letter printed in the *Bristol Examiner*, made a similar statement. But more important than all, the *Reporter* makes this statement after the appearance in this country of an article from the pen of Mr. Garrison, gravely impeaching the character of that organ of the Anti-Slavery Society, and containing the following paragraph:—"But it (the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*) is assiduous in its endeavours to make the British public believe that the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society (the offspring of baffled priestcraft and vanquished sectarianism) is the great efficient instrumentality for the abolition of American Slavery; when in fact, that Society holds in the whole country but one meeting in the course of the year,—and that, too, as a matter of form, adroitly making making use of the anniversary season in May, to collect an audience together; when it keeps not a single lecturing agent in the field; when it is without an official organ; when it has no auxiliary associations; when its receipts and expenditure are too insignificant to be laid before the public eye; and when its very existence and entire management are concentrated in one man, who lost long ago the respect and confidence of the true Abolitionists of the country." Now, these distinct and emphatic averments respecting the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society are made by no obscure and contemptible individual. They are made specially and avowedly for the information of the public on this side of the Atlantic—by the man who pioneered into being the Anti-Slavery cause in America—who wrote that noble declaration that was issued by the American Anti-Slavery Society, at its formation in 1833—by a man who enjoys the confidence and love of tens of thousands of his countrymen—than whom no man stands higher in the city of Boston, where, for more than twenty years, he has published the *Liberator* newspaper. Yet, without a reference either to my public statement on the 1st of August, or to Mr. Webb's on the 15th, or to Mr. Garrison's formal indictment of this very paper, the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, the present number seriously informs its readers that this Society, without funds, without an agent, without an organ, without an auxiliary, with only one public meeting in the course of a year—a Society concentrated in one man—is one of the most important of all the agencies in existence for the destruction of Slavery. I have no doubt subscribers to this paper before me this evening, and I will take the

liberty of asking them what they have learnt from the pages of the *Reporter* during the last 12 years of the operations of the genuine Anti-Slavery Society of America—the true American Anti-Slavery Society? I will ask them what their idea of it is at this moment? Are they aware of its extent, numbers, resources, agencies, publications, income expenditure, influence? I believe they are utterly ignorant. Let me then say that from its formation in 1833 until the present time it has pursued its course with a fidelity, steadiness of purpose, and devotion to its great object which have never been excelled, if they have ever been equalled, by any other body. Tried, tempted, tested in every conceivable way, the Society has remained inflexibly and sublimely true to its principles. Again and again the inexorable truthfulness of the Society has been the salvation of the Slave's cause in America, and it is now the salt that saves the mass from utter corruption. It is the only Anti-Slavery Association in the United States that is what it professes to be, an Association for the deliverance of the Slave from his bonds. Its beams of glory are its unsectarian character—the breadth and catholicity of its platform—its willing and grateful acceptance of co-operation from all—without respect of sect, or sex, or name, or party, or colour, or clime,—(hear, hear.)—its noble superiority to all influences, whether ecclesiastical, political, or governmental: its repudiation of the teachings of expediency and its stern adherence to principle, under all circumstances, and amidst all the fluctuations and mutations of affairs; its important exposure of the abettors and apologists of Slavery, without regard to their wealth, official station, the Church to which they belong, or the zeal they may display in other enterprises of benevolence. (Cheers.) These are among the bright and glorious characteristics of this now great and purifying association; and let me also name, as its crowning excellency, the simplicity of the end at which it aims, and to which all its agencies and operations tend—the regeneration of the public sentiment on the subject of Slavery, leaving men, as they shall be converted in whole or part to the doctrines of the Society, to act out their convictions and views, according to their own ideas of duty and the peculiarities of their several positions. But how does this Society contrast with the American and Foreign? Has it any organ? It has an official organ in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, another in the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, another in the *Bugle*, published in Ohio, while at the same time it elevates and moulds, more or less, the Anti-Slavery views of every other paper in the Union. Has it any agents or lecturers? Their name is legion. There are some that are above their fellows conspicuous and influential. Every week sees Mr. Garrison in the field, pouring himself out like water. Every week and almost every day of every week Mr. Phillips—who has not his equal on either side of the Atlantic, for eloquence, pathos, power, or beauty, as an Anti-Slavery lecturer—is to be seen electrifying New England audiences

on the great theme. But time would fail to tell of the Quincys, Mays, Jacksons, Fosters, Pilsburys, Parkers, Putnams, Stones, Walkers, Treats, Buffums, and others, who throughout the year are preaching the great truths of abolition from the borders of New Brunswick to the Falls of Niagara, and far as the frontiers of civilisation extend along the forests and prairies of the great west. Has the American Society funds? It has. The income of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society is about 900 dollars, but this is the income of a State society alone. I believe if the various State Societies were to make a return of their several incomes it would be found that not less than from 20,000 to 25,000 dollars are annually subscribed within the limits of the American Society. But when I attempt to estimate the gross expenditure of the members of this Society, by adding to their subscriptions what they pay for the support of newspapers—what they spend in travelling from meeting to meeting and from convention to convention—what it costs them to practise a hospitality that knows no bounds—what they are constantly subscribing for local objects and special purposes connected with the Anti-Slavery Movement, I confess I am afraid to name any sum, for I know not whether it be 200,000 or 500,000 dollars. Now how is it that such ignorance prevails in this country respecting this society. I take it that it all lies at the doors of your own society. Sir, if there had not been two bodies of Quakers in America, Mr. Garrison, I assert, would never have been denounced as heretical in this country. The Society of Friends in the United States are divided into the orthodox on the one hand, and the Hicksites on the other; the latter having the greatest amount of Anti-Slavery zeal. Mr. Garrison recognised them not according to their religious differences, but their labours in this great cause of humanity. But because Mr. Garrison was willing to unite not only with the Hicksites, but all other heretics who were striving to save the slave, therefore was he cut off by the Quakers of Broad-street. Having now made a clean breast of it, I assert that I am ready to stand by all I have said, and whenever a competent, accredited representative of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society will appear on this platform to controvert any statement I have made to-night, I will come from any part of the kingdom to meet him, and bear half the expenses of the hall. Having told you how the matter stands, I ask you, men and women of Bristol, to cheer on the real Abolitionists of America. (Cheers.) So far as this cause is concerned, I care nothing for any mere matter of religious or civil polity. I know nothing of them but as undaunted devoted friends of the Slave. Mr. Garrison is now endeared to me by eighteen years' acquaintance, and I declare that if I respected and loved him before, my recent visit has greatly deepened that respect and admiration. Under the blessing of God, and by the divinity of their principles, the Abolitionists have made the cause what we find it. But

let me exhort you to be hopeful in regard to this cause. You have already, I dare say, before this, learned that in America the good are very good indeed, and the bad are very bad indeed. Jonathan is either a great sinner, or a great saint. Whenever you find him he is restless, active, sensitive, grasping, ambitious, persevering, it does not follow that because he is the blind apologist for Slavery to-day, or even the merciless Slave-driver, that he will not be found sitting clothed in his right mind, the disciple of William Lloyd Garrison to-morrow. While I remained in America I frequently spoke three times a day, and never did I receive an insult from an American audience in my life. There has been a little noise occasionally, once through the influence of a mercantile clique, who got into Faneuil Hall, and standing in the centre of the room, made noise enough, not only to drown my voice, but the voices also of many of the most estimable and worthy citizens of Boston. I have addressed Americans when I have seen the expressions, visible upon their countenances at the outset, of hatred, suspicion and jealousy, give place gradually to attention, and deep enthusiasm, and when I have, at the close of the meeting, had to shake hands with some 700 or 800 of those very men who were at first my enemies; and having entered the hall the object of general distrust and dislike, I have left it with the hearty "God bless you!" of every individual present—and why? Simply because I had uncovered America to itself, and held the mirror up before the prejudiced men at the north, or before the Slave-holder and practical abettor of Slavery at the South. I am here, a living witness, after two visits to America, the first for sixteen months, and the last for eight months, making together two years, having spoken in language the most scathing I could find, upon the subject of Slavery, having—I trust I may say it very modestly—done some good in America, if I may judge of what I saw after the lapse of fifteen or sixteen years, of the converts that were scattered over that country, the fruit of the Anti-Slavery seed I had been permitted to sow so long before. I say, I may with modesty, yet with truth, say, that I have done some good in that country. But how have I done it? By discarding compromise; by sinking nationality; by standing upon my right to be heard in the streets of Boston, equally with the American missionary in the streets of Constantinople: by declaring that God's truth is not bounded by the Atlantic Ocean, or circumscribed by Mason and Dixon's line; by maintaining that this is God's earth, and not President Fillmore's; that the three-millions of bondmen in the United States are His children, and not their slaves, and that in the name of God and of man I may plead wherever I find a slave for his immediate emancipation. I exhort every one present to pursue a similar course. I regret that this first resolution has been modified; and I trust you will not leave this hall till you have demanded its restoration to its original shape. (Cheers.) If the original mover does not ask that the resolution shall be brought up

again and restored to its pristine vigour and truthfulness, I shall do so. (Cheers.) At all events let us settle the question which was originally submitted to us. Can a man be a Christian and a man-thief at the same time? (Cries of "No, no.") Can a child be at one and the same time the shield of a Christian and the property of a Slave-holder? (No.) Well then, my friends, if you think so, let us say so. Let us tell the Americans that when this shall be the feeling of the Church universal in this country, it will soon become the feeling of a great many Churches in America; and when the Churches in America generally shall utter their anathemas against Slavery its doom will be sealed. What did Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, say, long, long ago? That the Church was holding the keys of this prison-house of Slavery. That whenever the 30,000 ministers of America held to their Divine commission—which never will be Divine until it is Anti-Slavery—that whenever they shall speak the truth, whenever they shall denounce Slavery in the sight of God, it will cease. Then I say deal faithfully with the Churches of America. Do not fancy that because I refuse to recognise a man as a Christian, that I am his enemy. Those are their enemies who are going hand in hand with these Slaveholders, as though they held them to be themselves Christians, when they knew they were not. Do not let it be your guilt or mine, that they do not know what they really are, or we really thought them. Let us speak the truth in love, but because in love, speak all the truth. The truth is too divine to be modified, pared, mixed, brought up to your standard, or pulled down to mine. Do you know what truth is? It is an emanation from Him who is the centre, the source, the author of all truth. It is not at my discretion that I speak the truth; it is the truth that speaks in me, and I am a guilty man if I speak it not. I have endeavoured to do it to-night. I thank you for the protracted attention you have given me. I ask you to come to the *conversazione* to-morrow night, as many as can spare the time, and do not grudge a small sum of money; and I shall be very glad if our Chairman will think over the things I have said, and will then have a friendly conversation with me upon the points of difference between us to-night. I say that the Churches in America are verily guilty concerning this matter, in that for many long years they have seen the anguish of the slave's soul, and when he besought them they would not hear him. My friend must have heard of the proceedings of the Quakers in America, and of the conduct of the Deputation that went there, and know that I speak the truth when I say that they have fallen from their original faithfulness to the slave, that the gold has become dim, and the fine gold corrupt; and that *Ichabod* may be written on the society to which John Woolman and Anthony Benezet belonged. Oh, that they may rise, and recollect what they were and may yet be! If the Friends, and all other denominations of Christians here, will join hands with the abolition-

ists across the Atlantic, then shall they bring the fabric of Slavery tumbling to the ground, and the enfranchised negroes, and generations yet unborn, will bless the memories of those who helped to remove the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free. With the Chairman's permission and yours, gentlemen, I now move that the first resolution be restored to its original form.

The Rev. GEO. ARMSTRONG having seconded Mr. Thompson's amendment, it was carried with three or four dissentients.

The CHAIRMAN begged to offer a remark or two in explanation. He did not in the least complain of the free manner in which Mr. Thompson had referred to him, nor did he consider that the dark picture he had drawn of slavery was darker than, or so dark as, the truth; but Mr. Thompson had misunderstood his reference to the subjects of war and temperance. He merely referred to them in illustration, and not as meaning to imply that the military man or spirit-dealer was equally guilty with the slaveholder. His remarks went to this, that the most efficient way of applying ourselves to the removal of an evil was by doing so in a Christian spirit. (Hear.) He agreed in all the denunciations of slavery, but he could hardly agree in designating Dr. Baird as a sacerdotal ruffian—(hear)—or in accusing their aged and esteemed friend John Angell James of being impelled to do wrong for the sake of popularity. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. THOMPSON denied that he had made use of the expressions imputed to him by the Chairman, in connection with Mr. James. The application of the term, "sacerdotal ruffians," was to the pro-slavery ministers from America, who sought admission to the Evangelical Alliance.

The Rev. Mr. JAMES then moved, and the Rev. E. CHAPMAN seconded, the following resolution, which was carried unanimously:—

"That this meeting rejoices in the present opportunity of offering the assurance of its ardent sympathy, approval, and co-operation, to the American Anti-Slavery Society, in which persons of all religious denominations and political opinions have for 18 years united upon a common platform of the highest Anti-Slavery principle; redeeming their country, by their unwearied devotion and energetic labours, from the charge of being wholly given over to the dominion of Slavery: and that a cordial expression of admiring sympathy, from this meeting, is especially due to William Lloyd Garrison, the originator of the Anti-Slavery enterprise in 1830, the founder of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, and ever since the devoted and uncompromising advocate of the cause."

Mr. THOMPSON then moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman; it was seconded and passed by acclamation.

The CHAIRMAN returned thanks, and the meeting separated.

